





*To You*

"Now that you don't have to be perfect, you can be good."

-John Steinbeck



# *Part One*

TO THE BEAT OF  
FLAPPING WINGS

You and me, Baby  
We can fly

High  
Higher  
Than this peak  
We are standing on  
Higher  
Than the eagle  
Hovering above us

You and me, Baby  
We can fly

Far  
Farther  
Than the migration  
Cycle of Arctic Terns  
Farther  
Than the imagination  
Of our childhood years

If we wanted to  
We could fly

To Paris  
Buenos Aires  
The Himalayas  
Machu Picchu

Past borders  
Oceans  
Orbits  
The Moon

Hell, Baby,  
We can fly  
Wherever, however  
We want to

But first, Baby  
We have to take these  
Shackles off of you



# *Part Two*

FEATHERS  
AND  
SHACKLES

R U N

R A T

R U N

America loves her races  
Cars, Dogs, Horses  
Rats

# ~~STOCKHOLM~~ AMERICAN SYNDROME

If you ask me  
It all seems planned  
Strip the captives of any  
Awareness of their situation  
Until they forget their history  
And come to believe there is glory  
In defending their "superiors"  
Let them think they are free  
By allowing them to make decisions  
From the options allotted  
Whether an illusion or not  
Participation leads to a sense of ownership  
And as long as they are convinced  
Their two cents matter compared  
To the mass wealth accumulated  
By the power above them  
They will be more than willing  
To contribute their energy to achieve  
The most profitable outcome.

"You are either  
With us or against us"

Count me out  
I'd rather not associate  
With desperate ultimatums

A resident of the spectrum  
I always have been  
I always will be  
Disorderly towards absolutes.

# DESPERATE ULTIMATUMS

# SUNDER AND SUBJUGATE

Conquer by division  
A timeless strategy  
Of creating completely  
Fictional differences  
A false idea  
Of outsiders, savages,  
And lesser beings  
Repeat the myth over  
And over  
And over  
Again until it is accepted  
As a natural fact, and  
The bonds holding potential  
Allies in the struggle  
For survival are weak  
Enough so they appeal  
To a mediator to keep  
The peace, even if it means  
Sacrificing their own  
Individual power.

# A D I V I S E P H I L O S O P H Y

I do not share the enthusiasm  
For a divisive philosophy  
Arguing a person's value  
Can be judged by the desire  
To prove dominance  
And the ability to defeat, vanquish  
Even humiliate their adversaries  
It seems to be an unhealthy way  
Of seeking advancement, a path  
Leading to a false sense  
Of superiors and lessors  
Conquerers and Subjects  
Destructive in the real influence  
Given to the imagination of those  
Who perceive themselves to be better

# CASE STUDY: A BANKER NAMED FAUST

With a simple click,  
Greedy intentions,  
And zero sense of  
Common decency,  
He locks and he loads  
His weapon, aiming  
To rob livelihoods  
By the millions, and  
Silence the sounds of  
Hope and happiness  
As if they threatened  
His brutal regime  
Of interest rates  
And overdraft fees  
He is a master  
In the arts of war  
And degradation  
Shaming the victims  
Of injustices  
While wearing a smile  
So contemptuous  
It can only be  
Described as sadist  
It seems he enjoys  
Watching lives wither  
At the tip of his  
Pen, signing away  
His community  
Consciousness to the  
Demons of Profit

Vanity  
Proud, selfish  
Comparing, Belittling, Demeaning  
"I'm better than you"  
Unattractive

ATTITUDES  
DO MATTER



# CASE STUDY: A MEDIOCRE ARTIST COMING TO TERMS WITH HIS ARROGANCE

I never planned to gain  
An air of self-importance  
An over-bloated ego  
Belief I was deserving  
Belief I worked harder  
All I ever wanted was to  
Write my poetry  
Voice my opinion  
Share my creativity  
Do it for a living

Therein lies the corruption  
Lost my head in competition  
Became obsessed with the idea  
Even in the realm of expression  
There are winners and losers  
The forever remembered  
The never discovered  
Nothing is worse than being ignored

I found myself overrun  
By the arrogance so often found  
In mediocre artists, an adolescent prick  
Believing I was destined to sit  
At the dinner table of the Greats  
But here I am  
Growing older in a self-imposed exile  
Forcefully separating my better intentions  
From the overly ambitious person  
I had unfortunately become  
Unable to shake the aged hopes  
Of impressing nobody in particular.

They say before it is given  
It has to be earned  
While boisterously demanding  
They receive theirs for free

As far as I am concerned  
As long as we are here  
Even if it is a chance meeting  
Reciprocation is all that is needed

MUCH  
RESPECT

# CASE STUDY: THE FALL OF FANTINE

Look at what they did  
To the goddess, Fantine  
They robbed her of all  
Pride and dignity  
While bombarding her  
With images rendered  
To the unattainable  
The more her vanity  
Was insulted, the more  
Her self-esteem declined  
Rejected, she  
Idolized the projected  
Beauty and gave them  
Everything of herself  
To imitate their unreal  
Standards of who she  
Was supposed to be  
She got her fifteen  
Of misplaced admiration  
And more than enough  
Ridicule to last her  
A lifetime lived in  
Soul-crushing insecurity  
Even now, she wears the false  
Smile, performing her greatest  
Act of all time for the crowd  
Convincing them she's happy  
Underneath constant scrutiny  
But if you look deep down  
Into her eyes, you can see  
The person she so desperately  
Wants to be dying  
To be let free

# NOTE TO SELF

The need for attention  
To calm fits of loneliness  
Often lead to actions  
Shameful enough to ruin  
All sense of composure  
And reputations  
In these times, mind  
Your attempts to soothe  
The annoyance of such  
Emotions, for acting out  
In an uncomely manner  
Adds to the distance between us  
And the person of our affection  
When all is said and done  
We are left with not but the memories  
Created, and are often partial  
To those which are positive  
Rarely do we remain attached  
To those for whom we are embarrassed

# BORDERS AND BOUNDARIES

Know the difference between  
Restrictions and limits  
Borders and Boundaries  
Which you can break  
Which you can cross  
The laws of the land  
The laws of nature  
Some are subject to interpretation  
Others have no flexibility

If it seems like everything  
Is stacked up against you

You might find yourself a case

But it is always worth trying  
To climb over blockades

CLIMBING  
BLOCKADES

# CASE STUDY: THE LONELY HUNTER

He had an attitude  
Which leaned towards defeatist  
He figured he tried  
But was unable to succeed  
Decided no more energy  
Should be exerted, no more fucks  
Should be given, No more following  
The vivid visions he had seen  
Came to believe dreams were nothing  
But useless fantasies  
Mere distractions created  
So a weak mind could escape  
The brutality of being  
Unable to cope with reality  
Good natured cynicism  
Turned into a nihilist theory  
In his negativity he found himself  
Led even further away from feeling  
The worth he was desperately seeking  
If life was by chance, and there was no meaning  
When all actions are rendered insignificant  
He might as well choose his own purpose  
So he could at least enjoy existence  
While stuck in the limbo of uncertainty

# BAMBOOZLED BY OUR OWN

Fabrications and exaggerations  
Subconsciously gain credibility  
We live in  
An age of half-truths and misled beliefs  
Refusing to accept information  
Contrary to set philosophies

The purposeful misrepresentations  
Create the fictional realities  
We live in  
Arrogance towards the contradictory  
Evidence found in examinations  
Of an education without decrees

# BELIEFS



# CASE STUDY: UNCLE BEN'S WISDOM

As a youth  
I was in the habit of fighting  
The authority of responsibility  
With an uneducated philosophy  
Claiming all powers that be  
Were blockades on the road to liberty  
Silly me,  
Even then it was evident  
Purposefully failing wasn't productive  
All I was succeeding in doing  
Was giving dependency the upper hand  
To brutally enforce my terms of servitude  
I'll be damned  
If I was aware of the idea  
I was completely uninterested  
In differentiating between the use  
And abuse of restrictions  
I have only recently come to understand  
It is not doing what I want  
But doing what is necessary to ensure  
The consequences of my actions  
Cause the least amount of destruction  
To myself or my surroundings  
That way  
No one ever feels compelled  
Or the need  
To intervene

I was  
Seeking the power of self-determination  
But forgetting Uncle Ben's wisdom.

Please help him keep his intention righteous  
Enough to speak for his kind character  
Words amount to little in this era  
Of malicious attempts to get ahead  
May he act according to his morals  
Without harming others in the process  
Be the person he'd hope to encounter  
If he suddenly found himself in need

BEING WHO HE WISHES  
HE WOULD MEET

# CASE STUDY: THE VICIOUS ABUSE OF MYSHKIN

They got the best of him  
By exploiting the poor  
Prince's innocence  
Masters of corruption  
They saw his desire to be  
Kind, and took advantage  
Of his compassion; playing  
Games with his patience  
To win the hearts of other lovers.  
Dear Myshkin,  
Too gentle of a spirit  
They took him for an idiot  
Abused him in ways  
Even Love could not forgive  
He gave them the greatest fortune  
They squandered it for kicks  
Took the priceless as worthless  
Ignored the importance  
Of a gift if it didn't have  
A price-tag attached to it

Do not follow  
These fools who  
Choose to squander  
Their inheritance  
Once it is gone  
It is gone, lost  
Will be past and future  
Generations  
They are irresponsible  
And destructive towards  
Everything everyone  
Has worked to accomplish  
You're supposed to leave  
A legacy to be admired  
Not destitution to be admonished

IT IS NOT  
"YOURS"  
TO BEGIN WITH

# MEGHALAYA

Bring it back to  
Meghalaya  
Connect our roots  
Across gorges  
To create  
Some gorgeous  
Living bridges  
A reminder  
No matter how far  
We may reach  
When wandering  
And despite our  
Wrongly perceived  
Differences  
We are nothing  
More than a small  
Part of a much  
Greater Purpose  
Feeding the growth  
And progress of  
Humanity's  
Family tree

There lies within you  
A distinct greatness  
Only you are able  
To unlock. No amount  
Of advice or examples  
Can manifest your sole  
Possession. Experience  
Is helpful to refine  
Skills, but first you must  
Dig into your knowledge,  
Naturally given talent,  
And Soul Purpose  
To mine the brilliance  
Hidden deep underneath  
The fortress you have built  
In attempts to guard against  
Attacks on your worthiness

DEEPLY  
HIDDEN  
BRILLIANCE

# OBEYING THE LAW

There is nothing wrong  
In thinking you are better  
Than the present position  
You hold in the world.  
In fact, you are correct  
In seeking advancement  
Progress is an ancient  
Natural law obeyed  
By every particle  
Of our existences

# OF NATURE

DO NOT SEEK  
TO MOCK  
OR ENTERTAIN

Just an observation;  
Keep your head low  
Practice humility  
Keep moving forward  
Nobody likes being hovered over  
Some people will throw rocks  
To knock rare beauties out  
Of the sky if they feel insulted  
By a high-headed brilliance  
One must always remember  
That although you were gifted  
The ability to expand your views  
With a relative ease, not everyone  
Has been introduced to the art of flight  
Most were raised to believe  
They were born without wings



# CASE STUDY: THE SELF-EMANCIPATION OF ENJOLY

She's amazing  
One of the few  
To have escaped

Living daily  
Life on the breeze  
Almost weightless  
Without heavy  
Restraints attached  
To the walls of  
Social constructs

A Butterfly  
Riding the wind  
For the thrill of  
Experience  
Finally Free  
Enough to spread  
Her wings, explore  
Beyond biased  
Expectations  
And limited  
Education

Aware of her  
Ability  
To pollinate  
A vast garden  
Of beautiful  
Inspiration  
She gathers seeds  
Of knowledge  
By traveling  
The world over  
Planting flowers  
In the hearts of  
Those still locked up  
Held captive by  
Overwhelming  
Fears of failure  
And the unknown

A case in point:

I wish I could  
Find the gumption  
To drop my chains

Escape my own  
Imprisonment

Flee the Country

Join her in Spain



# *Part Three*

I C A R U S

Dear Icarus, There is imprisonment  
In carrying the weight of ambitions  
Large enough to hold over-blown egos  
A bondage created by sacrificing  
Spiritual advancement for success  
As a modern artist of vanity  
Shackles in the desires to prove yourself  
Worthy of an inane recognition  
By those of little or no importance

Icarus, descendant of Daedalus  
Bloodlines of creative independence  
Liberate yourself from the oppression  
Of exceeding other's expectations  
Take the wind beneath your wings and soar heights  
Beyond the reach of their false ideas  
On where the beauty of a person lies  
Leave their appraisals of value behind  
For your worth cannot be calculated  
As if you were personal property  
You are special, a bird of paradise  
And do not belong in captivity

So fly away, my dear Icarus, fly  
Towards the reality of a freedom  
Known in the sensation of weightlessness  
Soak in extensive wonders of nature  
And gain a new perspective of the world  
Around you at any given moment  
Understand what it means to be part  
Of an existence outside limited  
Possibilities on the marketplace  
What it means to bask in life's glory

My dear Icarus, I wish you the best  
On your journey of epic proportions  
But if I may share a little insight  
With you before you begin your travels  
Remember to always focus forward  
There is nothing but the ground below you  
Only the blazing sun above your head  
The desire to look down on others  
Means climbing too close to the powerful  
Rays for your wings made of wax to handle  
Hitting the pavement should be on your terms  
Leave them their flames, a phoenix is a myth  
Not to be tried, not to be believed in  
The ability to fly where you like  
Is a priceless gift to be admired  
So use it wisely for true liberty  
Can only be achieved by taking all  
Responsibilities for your actions  
And consequences abound thereafter



*Go and Play*

OUTSIDE



*Your*  
COMFORT  
*Zone*

@SCOTT QUERING

#ICARUS

2015